

The other moiety ere you aske is given,  
Repeat your will, and take it.

*Queen.* Thanke your Maiefty  
That you would loue your selfe, and in that loue  
Not vnconsidered leaue your Honour, nor  
The dignity of your Office; is the poynt  
Of my Petition.

*Kin.* Lady mine proceed.

*Queen.* I am solicited not by a few,  
And those of true condition; That your Subiects  
Are in great grievance: There haue beene Commissions  
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart  
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although  
My good Lord Cardinall, they vent reproches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter on  
Of these exactions: yet the King, our Maister (not  
Whose Honor Heauen shield from soile; euen he escapes  
Language vnmannerly; yea, such which breakes  
The sides of loyalty, and almost appeares  
In lowd Rebellion.

*Nor.* Not almost appeares,  
It doth appeare; for, vpon these Taxations,  
The Clothiers all not able to maintaine  
The many to them longing, haue put off  
The Spinners, Carders, Fullers, Weauers, who  
Vnfit for other life, compeld by hunger  
And lack of other meanes, in desperate manner  
Daring th'euil too th'teeth, are all in vprore,  
And danger serues among them.

*Kin.* Taxation?  
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinall,  
You that are blam'd for it alike with vs,  
Know you of this Taxation?

*Card.* Please you Sir,  
I know but of a single part in ought  
Pertaines to th'State; and front but in that File  
Where others tell steps with me.

*Queen.* No, my Lord?  
You know no more then others? But you frame  
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholsome  
To those which would not know them, and yet must  
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions  
(Whereof my Soueraigne would haue note) they are  
Most pestilent to th'hearing, and to beare 'em,  
The Backe is Sacrifice to th'load; They say  
They are deu'd by you, er else you suffer  
Too hard an exclamation.

*Kin.* Still Exaction:  
The nature of it, in what kinde let's know,  
Is this Exaction?

*Queen.* I am much too venturous  
In tempting of your patience; but am boldned  
Vnder your promis'd pardon. The Subiects grieve  
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each  
The sixt part of his Substance, to be leuied  
Without delay; and the pretence for this  
Is nam'd, your warres in France: this makes bold mouths,  
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze  
Allegiance in them; their curses now  
Lie where their prayers did: and it's come to passe,  
This tractable obedience is a Slaue  
To each incensed Will: I would your Highnesse  
Would giue it quicke consideration; for  
There is no primer basenesse.

*Kin.* By my life,  
This is against our pleasure.

*Card.* And for me,  
I haue no further gone in this, then by  
A single voice, and that not past me, but  
By learned approbation of the Iudges: If I am  
Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know  
My faculties nor person, yet will be  
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say,  
'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake  
That Vertue must goe through: we must not flint  
Our necessary actions, in the feare  
To cope malicious Censurers, which euer,  
As rau'nous Fishes doe a Vessell follow  
That is new trim'd; but benefit no further  
Then vainly longing. What we oft doe best,  
By sicke Interpreters (once weake ones) is  
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft  
Hitting a grosser quality, is cride vp  
For our best Act: if we shall stand still,  
In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,  
We should take roote here, where we sit;  
Or sit State: Statues onely.

*Kin.* Things done well,  
And with a care, exempt themselves from feare:  
Things done without example, in their issue  
Are to be fear'd. Haue you a President  
Of this Commission? I beleeue, not any.  
We must not rend our Subiects from our Lawes,  
And flicke them in our Will. Sixt part of each?  
A trembling Contribution; why we take  
From euery Tree, lop, barke, and part o'th' Timber:  
And though we leaue it with a roote thus hackt,  
The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To euery County  
Where this is question'd, send our Letters, with  
Free pardon to each man that has deny'de  
The force of this Commission: pray looke too't;  
I put it to your care.

*Card.* A word with you.  
Let there be Letters writ to euery Shire,  
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the greued Commons  
Hardly conceiue of me. Let it be nois'd,  
That through our Intercession, this Reuokement  
And pardon comes: I shall anon aduise you  
Further in the proceeding. *Exit Secret.*

*Enter Surueyor.*

*Queen.* I am sorry, that the Duke of Buckingham  
Is run in your displeasure.

*Kin.* It grieues many:  
The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a most rare Speaker,  
To Nature none more bound; his trayning such,  
That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers,  
And neuer seeke for ayd out of himselfe: yet see,  
When these so Noble benefits shall proue  
Not well dispos'd, the minde growing once corrupt,  
They turne to vicious formes, ten times more vgly  
Then euer they were faire. This man so compleat,  
Who was enrold 'mongst wonders; and when we  
Almost with raiuish'd listning, could not finde  
His houre of speech, a minute: He, (my Lady)  
Hath into monstrous habits put the Graces  
That once were his, and is become as blacke,  
As if besmeard in hell. Sit by Vs, you shall heare  
(This was his Gentleman in trust) of him  
Things to strike Honour sad. Bid him recount  
The fore-recited practises, whereof  
We cannot feele too little, heare too much.

*Card.*

*Card.* Stand forth, & with bold spirit relate what you  
Most like a carefull Subiect haue collected  
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

*Kin.* Speake freely.  
*Sur.* First, it was vsuall with him; euery day  
It would infect his Speech: That if the King  
Should without issue dye; hee'l carry it so  
To make the Scepter his. These very words  
I heare him vtter to his Sonne in Law,  
Lord Aburgany, to whom by oth he menac'd  
Reuenge vpon the Cardinall.

*Card.* Please your Highnesse note  
This dangerous conception in this point,  
Not frended by his wish to your High person;  
His will is most malignant, and it stretches  
Beyond you to your friends.

*Queen.* My learn'd Lord Cardinall,  
Deliver all with Charity.

*Kin.* Speake on;  
How grounded hee his Title to the Crowne  
Vpon our faile; to this poynt hast thou heard him,  
At any time speake ought?

*Sur.* He was brought to this,  
By a vaine Prophecie of Nicholas Henton.

*Kin.* What was that Henton?

*Sur.* Sir, a Chatterbox Fryer,  
His Confessor, who fed him euery minute  
With words of Soueraignty.

*Kin.* How know'st thou this?

*Sur.* Not long before your Highnesse iped to France,  
The Duke being at the Rose, within the Parish  
Saint Laurence Poulney, did of me demand  
What was the speech among the Londoners,  
Concerning the French Iourney. I replide,  
Men feare the French would proue perfidious  
To the Kings danger: presently, the Duke  
Said, 'twas the feare indeed, and that he doubted  
'Twould proue the verity of certaine words  
Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, sayes he,  
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit  
Iohn de la Car, my Chaplaine, a choyce howre  
To heare from him a matter of some moment:  
Whom after vnder the Commissions Seale,  
He solemnly had sworne, that what he spoke  
My Chaplaine to no Creature liuing, but  
To me, should vtter, with demure Confidence,  
This pausingly ensu'd; neither the King, nor's Heyres  
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him strue  
To the loue o'th' Commonalty, the Duke  
Shall gouerne England.

*Queen.* If I know you well,  
You were the Dukes Surueyor, and lost your Office  
On the complaint o'th' Tenants; take good heed  
You charge not in your spleene a Noble person,  
And spoyle your nobler Soule; I say, take heed;  
Yes, heartily beseech you.

*Kin.* Let him on: Goe forward.

*Sur.* On my Soule, He speake but truth.  
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' Diuels illusions  
The Monke might be deceiu'd, and that 'twas dangerous  
For this to ruminate on this so farre, vntill  
It forg'd him some designe, which being beleeu'd  
It was much like to doe: He answer'd, Tush,  
It can doe me no damage; adding further,  
That had the King in his last Sicknesse faild,  
The Cardinals and Sir Thomas Louells heads

Should haue gone off.

*Kin.* Ha? What, so rancke? Ah, ha,  
There's mischief in this man; canst thou say further?

*Sur.* I can my Liedge.

*Kin.* Proceed.

*Sur.* Being at Greenwich,  
After your Highnesse had reprou'd the Duke  
About Sir William Blumer.

*Kin.* I remember of such a time, being my sworn ser-  
The Duke retein'd him his, But on: what hence?

*Sur.* If (quoth he) I for this had beene committed,  
As to the Tower, I thought; I would haue plaid  
The Part my Father meant to act vpon  
Th' Vsurper Richard, who being at Salisbury,  
Made suit to come in's presence; which if granted,  
(As he made semblance of his duty) would  
Haue put his knife into him.

*Kin.* A Gyant Traytor.

*Card.* Now Madam, may his Highnesse liue in freedome,  
And this man out of Prison.

*Queen.* God mend all. (say 'A?)

*Kin.* Ther's something more would out of thee; what

*Sur.* After the Duke his Father, with the knife  
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,  
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,  
He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose tenor  
Was, were he eull vs'd, he would outgoe  
His Father, by as much as a performance  
Do's an irresolute purpose.

*Kin.* There's his period,  
To sheath his knife in vs: he is attach'd,  
Call him to present tryall: if he may  
Finde mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,  
Let him not seek't of vs: By day and night  
Hee's Traytor to th' height. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter L. Chamberlaine and L. Sandys.*

*L. Ch.* Is't possible the spels of France should iuggle  
Men into such strange mysteries?

*L. San.* New customes,  
Though they be neuer so ridiculous,  
(Nay let 'em be vmanly) yet are follow'd.

*L. Ch.* As farre as I see, all the good our English  
Haue got by the late Voyage, is but meere  
A fit or two o'th' face, (but they are shrewd ones)  
For when they hold 'em, you would sweare directly  
Their very noses had been Councillours  
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keepe State so.

*L. San.* They haue all new legs,  
And lame ones; one would take it,  
That neuer see 'em pace before, the Spauen  
A Spring-halt rain'd among 'em.

*L. Ch.* Death my Lord,  
Their cloathes are after such a Pagan cut too't,  
That sure th'haue worne our Ch' istendome: how now?  
What newes, Sir Thomas Louell?

*Enter Sir Thomas Louell.*

*Louell.* Faith my Lord,  
I heare of none but the new Proclamation,  
That's clapt vpon the Court Gate.

*L. Cham.*